ABRAHAM'S SHADOW.

President Lincoln's Private Dispatch-Bearer Recalis Some Incidents of the Rebellion.

"Civilian," in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Among the many persons who take advantage of the cheap lodgings afforded by the Bethel on Eighth street are men whose lives contain sufficient incidents for a romance. There are those among them who have been not unknown to fame, and at least one who has helped to make American history. He is a man of fine presence, with a soldierly bearing, and a face which tells even the casual observer the owner is a courageous, honest man. He was during the dark days of the late war the trusted confidant of America's savior. He took many long night rides, often through the enemy's country, with papers in his possession, the safe keeping of which often imperited his life. He carries wounds on his person to-day which are proof of the value of the services he rendered while acting as President Abraham Lincoln's private dispatch-

bearer. "Twenty-eight years ago," he said to me. "I ate m. Christmas dinner in a United States fort in the far-away New Mexico. Four years before I and landed in this country, and one year later enlisted in the Second Dragoons, United States army. After spending a year in Carlisle Bar-racks, Pa., I was detailed for active service in New Mexico. During the winter of '60 the mutterings of secession became louder and louder. The following spring my regiment was ordered to Washington city. The new treasury building was then in course of construction, and in this our regiment bivouacked in company with the two Massachusetts regiments, which had on their way to Washington been mobbed in Baltimore. Three regiments, one of regulars and two of volucteers, to-med the nucleus of that army which afterward fought and won battles

such as the world had never seen. "General Thomas called me into his headquarters one day soon after we arrived in Washington, and there introduced me to President Lincoln. I gazed at the great man in astonishment, for my ideal of great men was shattered. In him I saw a tall, raw-boned, ungainly man, whose awkward appearance seemed heightened by his homeliness. Ah, how I afterward learned to love and revere that grand and simple character. To speak of him even now, and his kind deeds, moves me to tears.

"General Thomas said: 'President Lincoln desires to have a private dispatch-bearer, a man whom he can depend on and trust implicitly. I have chosen you of all the men in your regiment. Will you accept the position and its grave responsibilities!"

"I replied that with a good soldier a commander's request was his command, and I would do my best to merit the confidence bestowed in me. President Lincoln then told me to report for duty next morning to Private Secretary Nicolay. I was then discharged from the service to become private dispatch-bearer to the President. I filled it during the long days of that bloody rebellion that bathed this fair sountry in blood. President Lincoln trusted me when he knew not what men were his friends. I was with him when he died from the assassin's bullet, and I accompanied his body to Springfield, Iil., where it was buried.

"My duties were of such a nature that I had access to the President at all times, when even United States Senators and other high officials failed to see him. I was Abraham Lincoln's shadow from the time I was appointed his private dispatch-bearer until the day he was shot. Sometimes I carried dispatches in drawers in the heels of my boots, sometimes concealed in my cravat. I often met such people as Senator Conkling, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson. I saw a great deal of the true inwardness of Washington society, of which Kate Chase Sprague was then the reigning belle. She was indeed a most beautiful woman, but affable and not proud.

"The day that he was assassinated, the President sent me with dispatches to Alexandria about 11 o'clock in the morning. He told me to return as quick as I could. I returned in three hours, when President Lincoln said: 'C-, I don't need you any more to-day. My wife wants me to go to the theater with her tonight to see Laura Keece. I don't care partisularly to go, but I guess I will have to.' "I asked if I had not better go with him. He

replied that it was not necessary, as others were going along. I then went to my quarters, and in the evening, with some War Department clerks, went to Loeffler's Concert Garden. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Loeffler told me a man from the White House was at her house who wanted to see me at once. Arriving there I was told to report at once to Private Secretary Nicolay, who informed me the President had been shot, and to go to him at once to Ford's

"I found President Lincoln in au ante-room. He was past speaking, but he reached out his hand to me. In the room I remember that among others were Mrs. Lincoln and her son Robert, Chief-justice Chase, Secretary Hay and Laura Keene. Soon after the dying President was moved across the street to what is now the Medical Museum. I remained by his side until death came, early the next forenoon. Then the body was taken to the White House. I accompanied it to its last resting place in Illinois. When I returned to Washington and carried the death warrant of Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt from acting President Jonhson to General Hancock at the city prison. Washing-ton was then under martial law. I asked, and General Hancock granted me permission to see them hanged next day. I witnessed the execu-

tion of the conspirators in the prison-yard. "Before they were hanged I saw Wilkes Booth's dead body. I first saw Booth a couple of days before the President was shot, in the War Department, and I remembered his face. There is no doubt whatever that Booth was killed. He was shot in Maryland, about fifteen miles from Washington, by Sergeant Corbett. His body was brought secretly to Washington, It was first taken to the Navy-yard Hospital. From there it was taken secretly to the city prison, and I saw it buried in the prison-yard. Afterward the remains were resurrected, by permission of President Johnson, and reinterred by relatives of Booth in the family burying-

"I didn't remain long with President Johnson, but returned to Germany in April, 1865. In my native land I joined the Black Hussars, and served trough the Franco-Prussian war. I was it the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan, and parscipated in the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, and was one of the regiment before Metz, when Jarshal Bazaine surrendered and Germany took 185,000 prisoners. I was mustered out of the

"In 1876 I returned to America in the employ of Krupp, and was with his exhibit of guns at the Centennial Exposition for nine months. Then I went West, where I lost all my money in speculation. I am now working at my trade

celebrated old German family, and feels his position keenly. He is now striving hard to regain his position in life. The President's private dispatch-bearer was intimate with even the domestic details of

The man is fifty-three years old. He is of a

Abraham Lincoln's private life, and relates many interesting reminiscences that have never seen print. Here is one of them: "One day," said the private dispatch-bearer,

"I entered an ante-room in the White House. Senator Wilson accosted me and said: 'C--, do you see that little woman in black over there in the corner? She has been there for two whole lays trying to see the President. She has been weeping most of the time.' I went over and injuired of the lady what she desired of the Presdent. She replied: 'To save my poor boy's life.' told her to follow me, and led her to the door of the President's private apartments. knocked and, entering, said: 'President Lincoln, here is a lady who has been waiting two days to see you about her boy.

"The President arose from his chair and invited the lady to enter. Tears were streaming down her face, and the President's softened in pitiful kindness. She kneeled at his feet, and, with clasped hands, begged him to save her boy. His strong face grew stern, and pointing upward he said: 'Kneel not to me, but to Him! and then he bade here arise and tell him her

"It was the old story. Her son was charged with desertion and had been condemned to die next morning at sunrise. The President consoled her, and said he would order a reprieve and have the matter investigated. He sent me for Private Secretary Nicolay and had him intrust me with a dispatch to the commander in charge of the fort, with orders to ride like the wind. This dispatch was sent to the telegraph office nearest the fort. Next morning early came the reply: 'Your reprieve has just come. It is too late. He was shot at sunrise.'

Telling Democratic Secrets Out of School,

Birmingham, Ala., Herald-Age, Dem. The North Alabama Democrats are tired of submitting to the domination of the handful of white men who live in the Black Belt and make their strength in the party councils commensurate with the fictitious majorities they "roll up." In this section Democratic majorities are genuine, and the representation claimed in party conventions is based on the actual number of Democratic voters, and not on the multiplication table employed by ballot-box manipulators.

An Imperial Widow's Dress.

The dress worn by the Empress Frederick. which is the dress of a German widow, is very picturesque, though simple and severe. The gown, which is a long platu one, and covered entirely by crape, is only relieved by two long bands of white lawn, which go down from the neck of the gown in front to the feet. The widow's cap is black, and worn in a stiff point, which comes down low on the forehead, and to which is fastened a long black veil, falling | stove-polish and rub well with a dry brush.

almost to the feet behind. The three princesses wear the same deep veil and cap, without the white bands, which are the distinctive widow's dress. Since the arrival of the Empress Frederick at Windsor, the mourning worn by the royal family and household is in accordance with German customs, and where white craps caps have been worn hitherto by some of the ladies, black caps are now the fashion, the only person adhering to the English white cap being the Queen.

FOOD AND HEALTHFUL EFFECTS.

An Old Physician Says that Neither Meats, Grease Nor Salt are Necessary to Health. New York Special.

It has been scientifically demonstrated that there is absolutely nothing in the way of food, minerals, condiments or spices that is essential to health, while the utter absence of some elements of food which are considered indispensible is often conducive to health. This theorem has been fore bly exemplified by the personal experience of well-known physicians. Dr. Garretteon, of Cincinnati. who was in this city during the past week, is eighty-three years oid, and it is his boast that he never in his life suffered a pain. "How do you explain such a remarkable exemption?" he asked.

"You would scarcely believe me were I to tell you," he replied, and an incredulous smile played about his pallid lips. "I am not as robust as some men, nor as full of life's rosy color, but my step's as light, my nerves are as true and my appetite as good as, or perhaps a trifle better than those of men half my age who are reputed

to be models of good health."
"Why is it! Well, I will tell you, although you no doubt will scout the idea, as most people do. It has now been fifty-three years since l tasted meat or grease of any kind whatever, and forty-two years since I have eaten a particle of salt or seasoning of any kind in any food. Doesn't look reasonable, does it! Everybody, you know, imagines that if he were to be denied salt be would get sick, and ultimately perish. But, sir, it is true-no salt in fortytwo years."

But when traveling, Doctor, how do you man-"Easy enough. I have my food especially prepared at the hotel if I am away from home any length of time; if not, I carry enough lunch

with me to last till I return." "That's all very pretty, but what about the greass-you know that enters everything in the cooking process?"

"Not in my case. To begin with, I do not eat fried food. An article fried is already condemned. Did you ever hear of anything being fried for a sick man? When the stomach begins to break down the first thing it rejects is fried food. Next it rejects grease in any form. It's nauseous. This fact is what suggested the elimination of grease from my food. I experimented with such marked success that my mind began to inquire further into the problem.

"The Indian in his native state," he said, "never tasted salt, and health with him is almost a second nature. As much as I liked salt as an element to bring out the latent flavor of many articles of food, I regarded perfect health as essential to happiness and conducive to greater enjoyment of life than what little pleasure I might extract from an hour at table, and my salt went the way my meat and grease went. As when I gave up meat and grease, the denial cost me a great effort, but I came out in time master of the situation, and have not for years had any desire for any of those things. Taste is very much a thing of cultivation. The palate is capable of being adjusted to a high appreciation almost any flavor. Why, I have seen men gag over beer, and oysters, and bananas, and tomatoes, and what not, when they first tasted them, but after repeated attacks became fond of any or all of them. To me, now, a seasoned article of food, or grease in any

would be to you were it not seasoned. "I suppose you know," continued the Doctor "that Theosophists eschew all manner of meat, and some of them, I believe, include grease. It is not in keeping with their theory of life to eat anything into which animal life enters. I might say they are 'mentalists.' They hold. perhaps not without some foundation, that whatever we eat, becoming a constituant part of our bodies, exercises more or less influence upon our lives. As the brute is a lower being than the human, to consume his flesh has a tendency to retard mental development and spiritual advancement. It has been my observation all through life that the man who consumes great quantities of meat is hoggish in his disposition and brutal in his conduct. The animal becomes a part of him. And what a marked contrast there is between him and the lady-or gentleman for that matter-who lives on delicate

form, would be as uupalatable as an article

which you refuse to eat unless highly seasoned

"But to revert to yourself, doctor. You say you never suffered a pain?" "Never! I do not know what pain is. I have no conception of it. I never had a headache, nor has an organ in my body ever been affected in any way."

Dr. Garrettson's complexion might be termed "pale white"-a sort of a spiritual hue. His eyes are bright, clear and steady in their expression, and his slender form is as erect as that of a young man.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

Catholic Authorities Seeking Information Upon the Subject.

The results of the intermarriage of Catholics and Protestants are being investigated by the Catholic authorities of this country, under orders from Rome. Archbishop Ryan, in common with all the other archbishops and bishops. is engaged in the work, and the result of his inquiries will be transmitted to Rome. While the Catholic Church permits such marriages under certain circumstances, its priests always do all in their power to discourage them, because of | accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming trouble that frequently arises between the father | rusted with dew. nd mother as to how the children shall be raised, and for the further reason that oftentimes the Catholic husband or wife is lost to the church altogether through neglect to obey its

Archbishop Ryan said, last evening, that he was engaged in collecting data relative to the number of mixed marriages in each parish during the past ten years; whether the promises exacted by the church that the children shall be reared in the Catholic faith have been faithfully kept: in how many cases the Protestant parties have been converted; if any cases have occurred where the Catholic parties have apostasized from the faith, and the number of children who have been lost to the church through mixed marriages. The Archbishop stated that he presumed that similar efforts were being made to collect the same information in all the dioceses

of the United States. The request for this information comes from the Sacred College of the Inquisition at Rome. but it is not publiely known what the authorities there propose to do in the matter. The marriage of a Catholic and a Protestant is not permitted in any diocese unless a special dispensation shall be granted by the Bishop. There are different rules in vogue in the various dioceses under which such dispensations are allowed. In certain dioceses the rules are more stringent than in others, because of the various views entertained on the subject by different

In the dioceses of Trenton and Newark, N. J., the conditions under which a dispensation can te granted are particularly stringent. It has been surmised that one of the motives that has actuated the Sacred College is the desire to ascertain the success achieved by the operation of the existing rules so as to promulgate certain general laws that will govern the matter in every diocese.

An Exclusive Club.

Kansas City Times. "I am sorry, gentlemen, but them's my porders. Cawn't admit nobody without a card. The speaker was a smooth-shaved, shorthaired young man, who wore a red braided roundabout of blue flannel and trousers of the same material. A fire was raging within the building, and a half-dozen firemen and as many policemen were endeavoring to gain an entrance

through its marble front. "But we are officers and must get in," clamored the angry blue coats. "I cawn't 'elp that, you know," said the impertubable Cerberus. "This is a private club and the gentlemen his very hexclusive. If you 'aven't a card you will 'ave to go round to the back door."

And they did.

The Most Important Matter. Pittsburg Chronicle. Editorial Writer on Great Democratic Daily (to Editor-in-Chief)-Have you any subject for me to-day, sir!

Editor-in-Chief-Have you written the usual article on Blame's Cabinet claims, predicting disaster to the Republican party whether he goes in or stays out? Editorial Writer-Yes, sir.

Editor-in-Chief-Well, that's all that's really important. Give us a few items on general subjects and close up the editorial page. A New Word.

Philadelphia Press. It is noticed that the pet word of the Christmas poets this year is "joyance." There is an atmosphere of early English about the word "joyance," which provokes the "jeerance" of the unpostic soul.

When flatirones become rusty, black them with

PARIS TO BE A SEAPORT.

Entire Feasibility of the Plan for Joining the Freuch Capital with the Channel.

Correspondence Philadelphia Inquirer. The project of making Paris into a seaport is by no means a new one. A ship has always figured in the city's arms, and the very name of the Paristi recalls their important "banse" of nauto, or boatmen, that flourished on the banks of the Seine long before the Roman occupation. It was at Paris that Casar built his vessels, and from Paris that he and his army started to conquer Britain. Twice during the ninth century did the Swedes, the Norwegians and the Danes, after crossing the North sea, sail up the river in 700 or 800 boats to pillage the French capital; and no better proof than this is needed to show that vessels, even of large tonnage, might, if the bed of the river were deepened, drop ahchor

in front of the Taileries. The idea of converting Paris into a seaport, by means of a ship-canal connecting it with the Channel, was first thought of in the days of Henry IV. His minister and friend, Sully, is said to have been the originator of the scheme, which was again entertained by Colbert, and also by the first Napoleon. It was not, however, until 1825 that serious preparations were made to realize the project, but they came to an end in the revolution of 1830. Under Napoleon III a small vessel called Paris-Port-de-Mer was set affoat, with masts and rigging that could be lowered at will, to enable it to pass under the bridges; it was the first vessel of its kind to show the way up the Seine to future navigators, but the little craft soon came to grief when homeward bound from one of its

trips across the ocean. Of the many schemes put forward during the last sixty years with the object of rendering Paris accessible to sea-going vessels, it may fairly be said of them that they are for the most part the dreams of poets and speculators. The main point to be considered in the enterprise of this sort is the question of cost. There would be no advantage to capital if the outlay exceeded \$64,000,000. The expenditure, in fact, must be kept as low as possible, and no works of art undertaken except those that are absolutely required for the purpose in view. The canal, in a measure, should pay its own way, or, at least, those portions of it which may be regarded as less indispensable to its completion. To make the Seine navigable below the capital and accessible to sailing ships of large tonnage, it is, above all, necessary that the two principal ports, Havre and Rouen, should be improved, and the river between Rouen and Paris credged and made deeper. By this means will be realized the prophetic saying of the First Consul-"Havre, Rouen and Paris are only one and the same city, of which the Seine is the main thor-

oughfare." After a careful survey of the whole ground, a report was drawn up in October, 1886, and pre- Long afore sented by Admiral Thomasset, the Minister of Marine, to his colleague, M. Baibaut, the Minister of Public Works. The estimates therein set down do not reach a third of the sum above given, and beyond which no profitable returns can be expected. A concession of ninety-nine years is demanded. Neither subsidy nor government guarantee is needed. The Society of Civil Engineers, an important institution in France, has given a very favorable opinion concerning the plans and estimates, which, moreover, have been adopted by the Paris munici-

On a handsomely-ordered relievo plan, showing the entire stretch of country between the quaint old Norman capital and the little village of Clichy, near Paris, the projected ship canal is graphically represented. All the towns and villages, the woods, hills and rivers that stud or intersect a region almost unrivaled for the beauty of its scenery, are here shown at a glance on a plane superficies artistically colored, which the projectors intend exhibiting at the great world's fair, to be held on the Champ-le-

The new waterway follows almost throughout the present bed of the river, which, as we have seen, must be deepened by dredging and the water level lowered between Paris and Rouen thus forming a maritime basin a little over 113 miles long and 150 feet wide. This is only twenty-nine miles longer than the trunk rail way line between those two places, while it is twice the width of the Suez Canal. The work of excavation would progressively reach a depth of 161 feet below the present bottom at Clichy bridge, and the water level would be lowered about sixty-eight feet. The quantity of matter to be removed is estimated at 81,000,000 cubic metres. The canal is to have throughout a low water depth of twenty feet at the floor, which in course of time may be increased to twenty-

Of course, the only standard for judging what ships are able to come up the Seine must be sought for at its mouth. Below Ronen the Seine is only in part a tidal river. Its estuary is maritime only beyond Quillebeuf. The outer bar, therefore, is the true criterion. It is quite useless to expect that any work of dredging at this point will allow of heavy ironclads or huge Australian transports entering the river. Nor would the journey be worth undertaking by such vessels, even if they could enter and come up to Paris, for the metropolis has little to furnish by way of return freights.

Ships can only take the bar at high water. which, at Havre, varies between twenty and twenty-six feet. Let us take the lowest of these figures as the standard of measurement. With twenty feet of water any old French frigate, with sixty pieces of cannon on board, could cross the bar and enter the estuary. Bor deaux, and New York, and the ports of the North sea offer no greater depths. Ships even larger than those that reach Bordeux might, therefore, ascend the Seine to Paris. And we may add that the width of the river between the sea and Rouen is everywhere broad enough to allow vessels passing without involving risk of collision.

DISCOVERIES MADE BY ACCIDENT.

Mezzotinto owed his invention to the simple The swaying to and fre of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had

made porcelain.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The power of lenses, as applied to the tele-

scope, was discovered by a watch-maker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly-enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a "Nurembuerg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, appliek the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years, became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was desirous to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After be had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aquafortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was to ink the stone and take off an impression.

How Women Live in Corea.

Frank G. Caspenter's Corean Letter. Corean ladies have a place in the back of the house to themselves. Fashion in dress does not change with them and their lives are those of almost perfect desolation. Those you see on the street are the common women, or servants, and these have green gowns over their heads and their dresses, which, I am told, are cut after the same style as those of the ladies, and consist of a short skirt with a waistband about a foot wide which comes up and clasps their breasts, squeezing them almost like a corset. Over this comes a short jacket, with sleeves which when wrinkled plainly show the decollete dividing of yellow skin between belt and waist. The only jewelry I see is in the hairpins, which are in some cases twelve inches long, and as big around as your little finger. They are made of silver and jade and sometimes have knobs on them as big as the head of a two-year-old baby. The servance of the palace wear a peck of false hair on their heads coiled in thick rolls. The Corean ladies are very glad to see foreign ladies, but few of them are able to return the calls. One of them told an American friend of It succumbed to an attack of Christmas mine that she found it very hard to lead such a | presents.

secluded life and she longed for the customs of our country. All Corean ladies smoke. They have their polite ways of bowing and their code of etiquette, and not a few of them rule their husbands. The laws of divorce are almost altogether on the husband's side, and widows among the better class do not marry again. The only women who have the right to be seen by men outside their own families are the dancing girls, and these are much like the Geishas of Japan. They are called in at feasts and there are many famous dancers who are employed especially to appear before the King.

"Who Santy Claus Was,"

'Jes' a little bit o' faller—I remember still— Ust ter almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster Forth o' July's nothing to it! New Year's sin't Easter Sunday-circus day-jes' all dead in the shell! Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and The old folks work the story off about the sledge and And "Santy" shooting 'round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz-

> I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz.

Ust to wait and set up late a week or two ahead; Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed Kittle stewin' on the fire, and mother settin' near, Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rockin'

Long afore

Long afore

Pap'd gap, and wondered where it was the money And quar'l with his frosted heels and spill his lini And we a-dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz-Long afore

I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz. Size the fire-place and figger how "Old Santy," could Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he

Wish that I could hide and see him-wondered what he'd say Ef he ketched a feller layin' for him that away. But I bet on him and liked him same as if he had Turned to pat me on the back and say: "Look a here, Here's my pack-jes' help yourse'f, like all good boys

> I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz.

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to Truth made out o' lies like that un's good enough for Wisht I still was so confidin' I could jes' go wild Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child Climbin' in my lap to-night and beggin' me to tell 'Bout them reindeers and "Old Santy" that she loves

I'm half sorry for this little girl-sweetheart of his-"Santy Claus" is.

> -James Whitcomb Riley. INFANTILE MARRIAGES.

Eight Children of Very Tender Years United in Wedlock.

London Tid-Bits. Many persons will be considerably astonished to hear how recently our social annals disclose the frequency of juvenile unions in England and Scotland. We do not refer to those wellknown instances of princes and potentates being contracted in marriage while still children and for grounds of state alone, but to the general custom in other classes to as late a date as to the last two centuries. These marriages were not mere betrothals, but genuine marriages, celebrated "in the face of the church," and duly solemnized according to the Book of Common Prayer. Perhaps the youngest bride on record in English annals was the daughter of Sir William Brereton, who was married in the sixteenth century at the age of two to a husband who was a year older than herself. In this case the children were carried into church and their elders spoke

But in another case, where a little boy of three was married to a bride of five, he was carried by a clergyman, who coaxed him to repeat the necessary formulas. The task was not easy, however, as the child said he had learnt enough lessons for that day before he was half through, and was only kept up to it by the priest saying, "You must speak a little more, and then go play you." In a further instance recorded in Lancashire the bridegroom was bribed to go to church by the present of an apple. Frequently the brides were year or two older than their lords and masters, as in the case of Vergery Vernon, who, in 1562—she being nearly ten years old—was married to Randle More, who was but eight. Another record tells of how Gilbert Girard and Emma Taibot were married at Leigh Church, when the boy's uncle held up the bridegroom, who was five years old, and spoke the words of mateimony for the child's part, and the woman-who was not six years of age-"spake for herself as she was taught." It seems incredible that, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth it was quite customary for persons of all rank in life to marry their children at astonishingly early ages. But the Bishop's

registry at Chester-not to speak of local records in all parts of England-could testify many instances-instances, too, among people anxious for the intellectual progress of their day, and among whom sordid reasons for such marriages were not supposed to exist. Wm. Chaderton-successively Bishop of Chester and Lincoln-a weil-known scholar and dis-

tinguished ecclesiastic of the reign of Elizabeth. and who was notable for the encouragement he gave to ministers, and his zeal in establishing lectureships and daily morning prayer-did not scruple to marry his daughter Joan, in 1582, at the age of nine, to Richard Brooke, then nearly

Four years after the marriage was ratified, as was usual in such cases, by the consent of the young people, the lengthy documents testifying to the ratification being being still extant in the records of Chester. Unfortunately their early love did not develop into an enduring love, and twenty years later we read that the Bishop had "no great comfort of that matrimony" of his only daughter, and that she was separated from her

It sometimes happens, when years of consent were attained, i. e., twelve for the girl and fourteen for the boy, that the child bride and child bridegroom disliked each other so heartily that they refused to ratify the contract, and then an action for divorce was undertaken and the marriage declared void. Juvenile marriages in those days were fortunately always voidable, and where it could be proved that there had been no renewal of promise, no exchange of gifts, messages or meeting between the children, the

union was annulled and each set free. The divorce court was at that time the scene of many appeals from the most useful couples until about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Strype notes that "the nation became scandalous for the frequency of divorces, especially among the richer sort, and one occasion was the covetousness of the nobility and gentry, who used often to marry their children when they were young boys and girls that they might join land to land, and, being grown up, they many times dislike each other and then separation and divorce followed to the breaking of espousals and displeasure of God."

THE MUSKRAT IN POLITICS.

An Amusing Feature of the Democratic Family Row to Little Delaware. Wilmington Special to Philadelphia Telegraph.

An outsider cannot understand the bitterness of feeling that now exists in Kent county between the two factions of the Democratic party there. The hatred displayed by the Saulsbury men and the Wolcott men towards each other is as savage as the feeling during the war between the Union men and the "copperheads." In Dover, Kent's capital, as well as the capital of the State, where the party appears to be hopelessly divided against itself, the result of the last election has estranged old political and personal friends so that they no longer speak as they pass by. The factions say and write the bitterest and most caustic things about each other. Unless they come together there appears to be no future for the Democratic party in Kent, and the breach has been widened so far now that no one believes it can be closed. The Wolcott men, when they meet the Saulsbury men, at least in some instances ask them: "How do you like the nigger party? "Are you fond of the niggers?" "How do you like being among the Republicans?" etc. The feeling of hatred has broken up social, business and personal relations, and the way in which the factions "baul each other over the coals" is amusing on account of its remarkable phases. The Wolcott men now have got up a wonderful charge against the Saulsbury men. It is unlawful to kill muskrats in Kent county before Dec. 15, but the pot-hunters get in their fine work wherever they can, regardless of the law. The detective of the Delaware Game Protective Association has had warrants issued for a number, perhaps a score, of the violators, and the Wolcott men declare that only anti-Saulsbury men are arrested; that no Saulsbury vielators are interfered with; that the detective is a Saulsbury man, and that the game association is composed of Republicans and Saulsbury men. who are determined to annoy the Wolcott men as much as possible. The muskrat is now in Delaware politics, evidently, to stay.

An Evil Organization Broken Up.

Louisville Commercial. The "communism of capital" that President Cleveland is distressed about no longer exists.



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THE SWEETEST AND MOST NUTRITIOUS

MEN WHO HAVE MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS The Enormous Wage-Earning Colony of Pittsburg and Their Wages. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pittsburg's banking exchanges were nearly \$1,000,000 greater in the aggregate last week than for the corresponding week in 1887, when the people actually thought they knew what the high-tide of prosperity was. Did it ever occur to the reader that the matter of wages paid out in Pittsburg and suburbs is also something stupendous-greater even than Pittsburgers themselves, in all their familiarity with the wage scales and number of men employed, had

dreamedi Take the matter of semi-monthly pay-rolls in the iron and steel-mills alone, and it will afford a good basis for further computation. A schedule of figures, the accuracy of which is, in round numbers, confirmed by one of the chief iron and steel manufacturers, is appended:

Commencing with Carnegie Brothers & Co. and Carnegie, Phipps & Co.: They employ about six thousand men, and pay out every two weeks as follows: At the two Lucy blast furnaces, \$8,000; at the Union mill, 'Thirty-third street, \$30,000; at the Union iron and forgemill, Twenty-ninth street, \$25,000, at the Bessemer steel-mill, Homestead, \$22,000, and at the Edgar Thompson steel-mill and seven blast furnaces, Braddock, \$70,000, making a total for the Carnegie firms alone of \$155,000.

Next is the National tube-works, at McKeesport. They operate three rolling mills and the largest pipe-mill in the world. They employ 5,000 men, and pay out \$125,000. Oliver Brothers & Phillips rank at the head of the thirdclass in paying out money. This firm operates three iron-mills and a steel plant, and gives work to about three thousand men, paying them \$75,000. Jones & Laughlins, operating the American iron-works give work to 3,000 men, and their pay-roll amounts to \$75,000, but only from \$45,000 to \$55,000 is said to be paid out in money, the remainder being taken from the company

The Pittsburg forge and iron-works gives work

to 700 men and pays out \$13,000; the Pittsburg

iron-works of J. Painter & Sons, 900 men, \$25,-000; Park Bros. & Co., Black Diamond steelworks, 1,200 men, \$31,000; the Pittsburg Steel and Casting Company, 300 men, \$7,500; the Clinton mill and blast-furnace, on the South Side, 550 men, \$12,500; A. M. Byers & Co.'s iron and pipe-mill, 550 men, \$14,500; Anchor nail and tack-works. Chess. Cook & Co., 400 men. \$11,000; Sligo iron-mill, Phillips, Nimick & Co., 550 men, \$13,000; Sheffield steel-works, Singer, Nimick & Co., 700 men, \$15,500; Glendon spike-works, Dilworth, Porter & Co., \$12,500; Republic ironworks, 600 men, \$14,500; Elba Iron and Continental Tube Company, at Frankstown, 650 men, \$15,000 (the tube-mill is at present yet idle). The Soho iron and steel-mill and the blast furnace of Moorhead, McCleane & Co., 700 men, \$15,600; Keystone rolling-mill, 400 men, \$10,000; the Star iron-mill of Lindsay & McCutcheon. 550 men, \$13,500; the La Belle steel-mill, 250 men. \$8,000; the Kensington iron-mill of Lloyd Sons & Co., 250 men, \$7,000; the Wayne iron and steel-mill of Brown & Co., 550 men, \$14,000; the Juniata iron and steel-mill and two blast furnaces of Shoenberger & Co., 750 men, \$20,-000; the steel-works of Howe, Brown & Co., 650 500 men, \$14,000; the Milivale mill of Graff, Bennett & Co. (which is at present shut down), 675

& Co., 450 men, \$9,000. The Fort Pitt iron-works, when last operated by Graff, Bennett & Co., gave work to 600 men, who were paid \$50,000; the Vesuvius iron-mill of Moorehead Bros. & Co., 450 men, \$9,000; the Etna iron and pipe mills of Spane, Chalfant & Co., 650 men, with a pay-roll of \$16,000 (but seldom more than \$11,060 is paid out in cash, the other being taken out of the company store); the Spang Steel and Iron Company, 350 men, \$8,000; the Crescent steel-works of Miller, Metcalf, Parkin & Co., 500 men, \$15,000. This latter plant is one of the leading steel-mills in the world. The finest grade of steel is made there, which is used for making fine light shears, needles, and clock spring steel. The Linden steel-mill, 400 men, \$12,000; the Oliver & Roberts wire-mill, 400 persons, \$10,000; the Soho pipe-mill, 300 men, \$8,000; the Pensylvania tubeworks, 700 men, \$16,000; the Isabella Furnace Company, 350 men, \$8,500; the Edith Furnace Company, 150 men, \$4,000; the Carrie Furnace Company, 150 men, \$4,000, the Eliza Furnace Company, 475 men, \$9,500; the Braddock wireworks, 250 men, \$7,500; the Chartiers Iron and Steel Company, 200 men, \$7,000; the Vulcan forge and iron-works at Chartiers, 400 men, \$9.000; the Pittsburg steel-works at Chartiers, 400 men, 89,000, and the McKeesport iron-works of W. D. Wood & Co., 450 men, \$11,000.

That makes a total of \$939,500. In one year of twenty-five pay-days it would amount to \$23,487,500, that is, paid out to 37,350 men, who

men, \$16,500; the Solar iron-works of Wm. Clark

are all employed in the manufacture of iron and Pittsburg has, besides, a very large army of workers that may also be classed with the above. These other mills employ together about 5,000 men, who are paid every two weeks \$125,000. The South Side has not so very many in this line, there being not over 1,500 men in

all, who are paid about \$25,000. Allegheny is somewhat better supplied. The leading establishment is the Pittsburg locomotive-works, the Westinghouse air-brakeworks, and the shops of the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. Company. These three employ about 1,500 men. Probably about 2,000 more will make the number on the North Side. That would make another lot of 10,000 men. They

get about \$215,000. The glass-houses will number about 100. All around, each furnace can be estimated at seventy-five men, who receive every two weeks \$1,500 to the furnance; being 7.500 men altogether, who earn \$150,000. In the ten months of a year, which is generally the time for glass-workers, our glass industry earns in wages \$3,000,000; making for our entire industries in the lines indicated a pay-roll every two weeks of \$1,300,000 received by 54,850 men, whose grand total in one year's wages would be \$32,500,000.

If this enormous amount paid out in Allegheny county should be reduced to silver dollars, and the amount reduced to tons and piled up in a metal yard, it would make a greater pile than the quantity of pig-iron in stock at any blast furnace yard in this county in the last six months, excepting the Isabella.

The Widow of Lawrence Oliphant, Jennie June, in Philadelphia Press.

The news of the wedding, and of the illn following fast upon it of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, has excited much interest in New York, where the bride, Miss Rosemont Dale Owen, is well known. Miss Owen is, in her way, as remarkable a character as Mr. Oliphant himself. She is a granddaughter of Robert Owen, the famous English Socialist of the past generation, and the daughter of Robert Dale Owen. She was brought up at New Harmony, Ind., and some years ago went to England and engaged in lect- and none other.

uring. She was at first received with open arms, but her originality, her unwillingness to adopt and champion anybody's theories except her own, soon deprived her of her audiences. She invented a dress, which she always wears, and which is free from strain, steels and all unnatural perversions. She is, as far as her light takes her, an absolutely true, faithful, kind and sincere woman, and Mr. Oliphant is fortunate in her companionship, if it should be only for a little while. In intellectual capacity, she is the peer of most men. She has written much and well, and is sympathetic with all forms of suffering, and with all those who need help. She is a niece of Mrs. Hallock, who established the first kindergarten school in New York, and cousin of Linda Dietz, the actress, and Ella Dietz Clymer, the poet, and almost our only sonnet writer. All her friends will hope for Mr. Oliphant's speedy recovery, and for them both happy life in that garden of Europe -fair Sicily.

The Word "Damn" Defended.

London Truth. Mrs. Sarah Austin tells us in her recentlypublished "Memoirs" that she was greatly exercised as to whether she was justified in retaining the word 'damn" in the recital of a story of Lord Jeffry and Mr. Sydney Smith. Lord Lyttelton and others protested, it would seem, against it, and Lady Holland suggested the substitution of the word "hang." Now, why! To "damn" is to condemn; to be "damned" is to be condemned, while to hang is to execute a condemnation, and to be "banegd" is to die in consequence of a condemnation. What, then, can be the difference whether Lord Jeffry "damned" the north pole, whether expressed a wish that meteorological point should be hanged? It is held that to desire that the north pole, or a chair or a horse, or a wife, or anything, or anyone else should be damned, is to swear, whereas to express the desire that a thing or a person should be banged is not. As a matter of fact, the use of peither of these expressions involves swearing. They are mere foolish utterances by which the person using them wishes to convey the notion that he is displeased with the thing or the person against which either is leveled. "Damn" may be coarse and vulgar, for verbal coarseness or vulgarity is conventional. I am not quite sure, however, that the expression of a wish that the north pole may be condemned is not a good deal more reasonable than that it should be hanged. Be this, however as it may. I entirely deny that damning is swearing.

Showing Off the Children.

Boston Letter to the New Orleans Picayune. There were two children in the family, a girl and a boy, of ten and eleven years respectively. Very naturally, they were not given seats at the table, but they were present, none the less. The cherubs stood at either end of the festive board throughout the long repast, the boy leaning upon his mother's shoulder, and the girl reclining gracefully upon that of her father. The attitude of each was studied-evidently the result of drill-and at intervals they joined in the general conversation, somewhat as follows: The hostess would introduce the discussion of Browning's poetry, and after each one of the guests had expressed an opinion, favorable or otherwise, concerning that gentleman's verses, she would refer the matter laughingly to her "little daughter," and the latter, being primed with an appropriate speech beforehand, would spring the same with charming naivete upon the assembled company. Of course, the infantile bon mot would elicit applause, whereat the artless ingenue would hide a modest blush upon her papa's bosom. Next came the boy's turn to utter an impromptu witticism-received with such expressions as "Doocid elever, by jove!" etc .- and so on until the ladies took their departure, when the kindergarten was retired to the nursery, and the men, with a sigh of relief. betook themselves to their cigars.

Mr. Cleveland Growing Fatter.

Chicago Tribune's Washington Letter. President Cleveland, whom I saw a little while to-day in his work-room and in the outer office, shows a woeful need of exercise. He is growing wonderfully fat. People who have not seen him for a year or two would be amazed to note his increasing thickness. He is now really a fat man. He does not wabble from side to side when he walks, but his head is a good ways to the rear of the major part of his person. His clothes hang on him with that backward, insufficient style so common to the clothes of fat men. His trousers move up and down with each step, displaying a couple of inches or more of his ankles when they are drawn by the movement of his big body above. When I saw the President to-day he had on his old clothes. I am sure the coat he wore cost no more than \$4, while the trousers, which did not look as if a tailor had made them, were of that cheap goods which resembles jeans.

She Had Made a Mistake.

While the rush of women to be assessed was at its height in this city, one lady answered the regulation interrogatories right until it came to the question of her age, and then with some hesitation gave the number of her years as twenty-seven. The questioning completed, she was asked to raise her left hand. "What for, please?" was her surprised request for an explanation. "Why, to swear to what you have stated," was the clerk's apologetic reply. "Must I really swear to it al!" she rejoined. "That is the law," replied the clerk. Then came her response delivered with much embarrassment: "I fear I have made a mistake about the matter of age. Now that I think of it, my age is thirty-four."

Modest Henry George.

The Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D., of Port land, is an ardent woman suffragist, an equally ardent free-trader, and an enthusiastic student of Henry George, whose warm personal friend he is, but whose convert he is not. Mr. Blanch ard says that Henry George has all the self-con ceit that generally goes with a superior intellect The latter said to Mr. Blanchard one day: " know my 'Progress and Poverty' is a good book I knew it was a great book when I took it to th

"You better be a little modest, Henry," inter rupted Mrs. George. "Oh, I may as well tell the truth," said he.

A Fizzle.

Philadelphia Press. The case against Colonel Dudley of Indiana is a bigger sham and fizzle than Mr. Cleveland's so-called reform policy. This is carrying comparisons to extremes.

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